The Founders: In Their Own Words

This short play is intended to celebrate the lives and legacy of the founders of Alcoholics Anonymous. It is based on their words. (Because of time considerations, some of the passages have been cut from their original length.) It is designed to be read to the audience, not memorized. (See the last page about making copies.) The players are seated at a table. Signs with the words "Bill W." and "Dr. Bob" can be taped to the table in front of the players who are portraying Bill and Dr. Bob.

Players

Narrator - She sets the scene for the speakers.
Dr. Bob S. - A co-founder of A.A.
Bill W. - A co-founder of A.A.
Male Voice - He says the words that are attributed to men in the sources.
Female Voice - She says the words that are attributed to women in the sources.

The players are seated in the following order:
Male Voice; Bill W.; Narrator; Dr. Bob; Female Voice
Audience

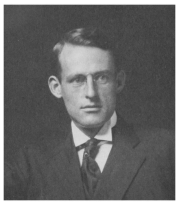
The Founders: in Their Own Words

Narrator: Today we celebrate the lives and legacy of Bill W. and Dr. Bob S. This play is based on the words of our A.A. co-founders. Without them, most of us wouldn't be sober today. Many of us wouldn't even be alive. They are so important to us that we sometimes forget that they were once thought to be hopeless alcoholics. In a Grapevine article, Bill talked about his introduction to alcohol. As a young army officer he was invited to a party. [IF THERE IS ONLY ONE MICROPHONE, THE NARRATOR HAS THE MICROPHONE AT THE BEGINNING. HOWEVER, IF THERE ARE ENOUGH MICROPHONES YOU CAN IGNORE THESE MICROPHONE DIRECTIONS.]

Bill W.: In conversation, I could hardly say two words. Then somebody put into my hand what was called a Bronx cocktail, my very first drink. I felt so self-conscious that I simply had to take that drink.

So I took it. And another one. And then – the miracle! That strange barrier that existed between me and everybody else seemed instantly to vanish. I felt that I belonged where I was. I became the life of the party. I could talk freely and well. But I think that even that first evening I got thoroughly drunk. And at the next party or two, I passed out completely. [1]

Narrator: In his story in the Big Book, Dr. Bob said this about his early drinking.



Dr. Bob: After high school came four years in one of the best colleges in the country where drinking seemed to be a major extra-curricular activity. Almost everyone seemed to do it. I did it more and more, and had lots of fun without much grief, either physical or financial. I seemed to be able to snap back the next morning better than most of my fellow drinkers, who were cursed (or perhaps blessed) with a great deal of morning-after nausea. [2]

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For other free resources see the website: http://founders.yolasite.com/

Young Bob

Young Bill

Narrator: As their drinking became worse, Bill and Bob had similar experiences at school:

Bill W.: I studied economics and business as well as law. Potential alcoholic that I was, I nearly failed my law course. At one of the finals I was too drunk to think or write. [2]

Dr. Bob: Coming up to final exams I went on a particularly strenuous spree. When I went in to write the examinations, my hand trembled so I could not hold a pencil. [2]

Narrator: At a party given by his boss, Bill began drinking. A friend of his recalled what happened next: [NARRATOR PASSES MICROPHONE TO BILL W. WHO HOLDS IT FOR MALE VOICE.]

Male Voice: On a trip to the cloakroom, Bill and I discovered the storage pantry for the champagne. What a sight! Bill said something like: [3]

Bill W.: Heavens to Betsy, look at this!

Male Voice: We each tucked away as many bottles as we could hide in our coats, and decided as an emergency to open a couple of extras. We busted the necks over the plumbing in the men's room and choked the stuff down like crazy.

Narrator: The Big Book reminds us that: "We are not saints."[2] Dr. Bob's son said:

Dr. Bob's Son, "Smitty"

Male Voice: He was no help around the house – worse than that. Once, Mother prevailed on him to take the wallpaper off the living-room wall. He stuck a garden hose in the window and turned it on. The house was carpeted. Mother almost fainted. [4]

Lois

Bill

Narrator: They knew it was hurting their families, but that didn't stop them.

Bill W.: I woke up. This had to be stopped. I saw I could not take so much as one drink. I was through forever.

Before then, I had written lots of sweet promises, but my wife happily observed that this time I meant business. And so I did. Shortly afterward I came home drunk. [2] [BILL W. PASSES MICROPHONE TO NARRATOR WHO HOLDS IT FOR DR. BOB.]

Daughter Sue Dr. Bob Son "Smitty"

Dr. Bob: I used to promise my wife, my friends, and my children that I would drink no more – promises which seldom kept me sober even through the day, though I was very sincere when I made them. [2]

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Narrator: As time passed, drinking became a nightmare.

Bill W.: This went on endlessly, and I began to waken very early in the morning shaking violently. A tumbler full of gin followed by half a dozen bottles of beer would be required if I were to eat any breakfast. [2]

Dr. Bob: My phobia for sleeplessness demanded that I get drunk every night, but in order to get more liquor for the next night, I had to stay sober during the day, at least up to four o'clock. This routine went on with few interruptions for seventeen years. [2]

Ebby T.

Narrator: Finally, in November of 1934, Ebby T., an old drinking buddy, came to visit Bill. Ebby had gotten sober in the Oxford Groups. Bill was interested in what he had to say, but still had some drinking to do.

Towns Hospital

On December 11, 1934, Bill was admitted to Towns Hospital for the last time. [NARRATOR PASSES MICROPHONE TO BILL W.]

Bill W.: I was still choking on the God business. Bright and early one morning Ebby showed up and stood in the doorway, smiling broadly. I didn't see what was so funny. "Well," said I, "what is your neat little formula once more?" In perfectly good humor, he handed it out again: [5]

Ebby T.

Male Voice: You admit you are licked; you get honest with yourself; you talk it out with somebody else; you make restitution to the people you have harmed; you try to give of yourself with no demand for reward; and you pray to whatever God you think there is, even as an experiment. [5]

Bill W.: It was as simple and yet as mysterious as that. After some small talk he was gone.

My depression deepened unbearably and finally it seemed to me as though I were at the very bottom of the pit. I still gagged badly on the notion of a Power greater than myself, but finally, just for the moment, the last vestige of my proud obstinacy was crushed. All at once I found myself crying out, "If there is a God, let Him show Himself! I am ready to do anything, anything!"

Suddenly the room lit up with a great white light. I was caught up into an ecstasy which there are no words to describe. It seemed to me, in the mind's eye, that I was on a mountain and that a wind not of air but of spirit was blowing. And then it burst upon me that I was a free man. [5]

Narrator: When he left the hospital, Bill began trying to help other alcoholics.

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Bill W.: My sudden spiritual experience, however, had its disadvantages. I was soon heard to say that I was going to fix up all the drunks in the world, even though the batting average on them had been virtually nil for the last 5,000 years.

At the end of six months nobody had sobered up. And, believe me, I had tried them by the score. They would clear up for a little while and then flop dismally.

Lois meanwhile was still working in the department store, and folks were beginning to say, "Is this fellow Bill going to be a missionary for life? Why doesn't he go to work?" Even to me, this began to look like a good idea. [5] [BILL W. PASSES MICROPHONE TO NARRATOR.]

Narrator: His attempt to revive his shattered career took him to Akron, Ohio. Had he been successful in his enterprise, he would have been set on his feet financially which, at the time, seemed vitally important. But his venture wound up in a law suit and bogged down completely.

Bitterly discouraged, he found himself in a strange place, discredited and almost broke. Still physically weak, and sober but a few months, he saw that his predicament was dangerous. He wanted so much to talk with someone, but whom?

Lobby, Mayflower Hotel

One dismal afternoon he paced a hotel lobby wondering how his bill was to be paid. At one end of the room stood a glass covered directory of local churches. Down the lobby a door opened into an attractive bar.

Perhaps he could handle, say, three drinks – no more! Fear gripped him. He was on thin ice. Again it was the old, insidious insanity – that first drink.

Church Directory

With a shiver, he turned away and walked down the lobby to the church directory. [2]

Little could he foresee what that simple decision was to mean. How could anyone guess that life and happiness for many was to depend on whether one depressed man entered a phone booth or a bar? [2]

Bill W.: I remembered that in trying to help other people, I had stayed sober myself. I thought, "You need another alcoholic to talk to. You need another alcoholic just as much as he needs you!"

Rev. Walter Tunks

Choosing at random from the church directory, I called up an Episcopal padre by the name of Walter Tunks. When the good man learned that I was an alcoholic looking for another alcoholic to work on, he at first apparently envisioned two people drunk instead of one, but he finally got the point and gave me a list of about ten people who might be able to direct me. [5]

Dr. Bob: So Bill starts to call them up, without very much success. They had either just left town or they were just leaving town or they were having a party or they had a sore toe or something. [6]

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Narrator: Finally, Bill calls Henrietta Seiberling who was a non-alcoholic member of the Oxford Groups in Akron. As she remembered it, Bill introduced himself over the telephone by saying:

Bill W.: I'm from the Oxford Group and I'm a rum hound from New York. [3]

Narrator: After talking to Bill, she immediately called Dr. Bob's house and Bob's wife Anne answered the phone.

Dr. Bob: Well Annie didn't think it quite wise for us to come over there. And finally, Henry bore in to such an extent that she had to tell her I was very much in the sack, and had in fact passed all capabilities for listening to any conversation. [6]

Narrator: Dr. Bob described the next day.

Dr. Bob: Well...I don't ever remember feeling much worse.

15 Minutes of This Stuff !

I extracted a solemn promise from Anne, on the way over, that fifteen minutes of this stuff was tops – that I didn't want to talk to this mug or anybody else, and we'd really make it snappy.

Where Bob and Bill Met

Now these are actual facts: we got there at five o'clock, and it was eleven-fifteen when we left.

Possibly, your memories are good enough to carry you back to certain times when you haven't felt too good. And you can easily visualize the fact that you wouldn't have listened to anybody unless that individual really had something to tell you. And that's the way I felt about Bill. I recognized the fact that he ***did*** have something, and so I listened those many hours, and I stopped drinking immediately.

But very shortly after that, there was a medical meeting in Atlantic City, and I developed a terrific thirst for knowledge. I had to have knowledge. So I would go to Atlantic City and absorb lots of knowledge. I usually mention the fact that I incidentally had acquired a thirst for Scotch, but I didn't mention that. But anyway I went to Atlantic City and really hung one on. [6]

Bill W.: We got Bob back home and into bed, and right then we made an alarming discovery. He had to perform a certain operation that only he could do. The deadline was just three days away; he simply had to do the job himself; and here he was, shaking like a leaf. Could we get him sober in time? Anne and I took turns around the clock trying to taper the old boy off. Early on the morning of the operation he was almost sober. I had slept in the room with him. Glancing across toward his bed, I saw that he was wide awake but still shaking. I'll never forget the look he gave me as he said, [5]

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Dr. Bob: Bill, I am going to go through with it.

Bill W.: I thought he meant the operation.

Dr. Bob: No, I mean this thing we've been talking about.

Bill W.: Anne and I drove him to the hospital at nine o'clock. I handed him a bottle of beer to steady his nerves so he could hold the knife, and he went in. We returned to the house and sat down to wait. After what seemed an endless time, he phoned; all had gone well. But after that he didn't come home for hours. Despite the awful strain, he had left the hospital, got into his car, and commenced to visit creditors and others he had harmed by his behavior.

That was June 10, 1935. To the time of his death fifteen years later, Dr. Bob never took another drink of alcohol.

Shortly after that he said, [5]

Dr. Bob: Bill, don't you think that working on other alcoholics is terribly important? We'd be much safer if we got active, wouldn't we?

Bill W.: Yes, that would be just the thing. But where can we find any alcoholics?

Akron City Hospital

Dr. Bob: They always have a batch down at the Akron City Hospital. I'll call them up and see what they've got.

Bill W.: Getting hold of a nurse friend of his on the receiving ward of the hospital, Dr. Bob explained that a man from New York had just found a new cure for alcoholism. (We called it a cure in those

days.) But the nurse knew Dr. Bob of old. So she retorted, [NARRATOR PASSES MICROPHONE TO DR. BOB WHO HOLDS IT FOR FEMALE VOICE.]

Female Voice: Is that so, Dr. Bob? You don't mean to tell me you've tried it on yourself!

Dr. Bob: Yes, I sure have.

Narrator: The new customer, who became A.A. Number three, was in no shape to be seen so they talked to his wife. She said:

Female Voice: Dr. Bob came in. He was a big, raw boned fellow with a coarse voice. He was gruff, but he had a big heart in him. [4]

Dr. Bob: What kind of bird is this egg when he's sober?

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Female Voice: When he's sober; he's the grandest man in the world. But when he's drinking, he's the worst.

Dr. Bob: Yes, I know. There's another man here. He and I think we have found a way to help men with a drinking problem.

Female Voice: I thought he meant some kind of expensive cure, and I told him, "We don't have any money. Our money is all gone."

Dr. Bob: If you've got $50 to pay for a private room, whatever we do for your husband won't cost you a cent.

Female Voice: Yes, I have that much. You're an answer to a prayer.

Dr. Bob: No, I'm not an answer to a prayer. I'm trying to keep from drinking myself.

Narrator: By the time the Big Book was published, Chapter Nine suggested that eating sweets, chocolate, and candy might reduce the craving for alcohol, but in the beginning, Bob and Bill had other ideas. [2]

Dr. Bob: You see, back in those days we were groping in the dark entirely. We knew practically nothing of alcoholism. I, a physician, knew nothing about it to speak of. Oh, I'd read about it, but there wasn't anything worth reading in any of the textbooks. And in early AA days, we became quite convinced that the spiritual program was fine but we could help the Lord out a little with some supplementary diet. [6]

Female Voice: Dr. Bob put my husband on sauerkraut and tomatoes. That's all he was allowed to eat the whole time he was there. [4]

Dr. Bob: But of course, we discovered later that most any dietary restriction had very little to do with the acquisition and maintenance of permanent sobriety. [6] [DR. BOB PASSES MICROPHONE TO NARRATOR WHO THEN PASSES IT ON TO BILL W. WHO HOLDS IT FOR MALE VOICE.]

Narrator: He thus made it sound as though he had given up easily and gracefully on this special supplementary diet; but Ernie, an early A.A. member, indicated that it took a while. Ernie said:
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Male Voice: I can see Doc now with the tomatoes, sauerkraut, a can of Karo syrup, and a big spoon. The men got to where it almost gagged them, taking it straight. He did back down finally on the sauerkraut, but he kept up the tomatoes and corn syrup for years. [4] [BILL W. PASSES MICROPHONE TO NARRATOR.]

Narrator: Betty B., a young student nurse at the City Hospital of Akron remembered seeing Dr. Bob with an alcoholic patient. She said: [NARRATOR PASSES MICROPHONE TO DR. BOB.]

Female Voice: I was doing 3:00 to 11:00 on a posh, private-room floor. I was passing the elevator when its door clanked open, and I was startled to see Dr. Bob shove a dirty, unkempt, unshaven, and obviously intoxicated man out into the hallway. I'm sure my surprise showed. [4]

Dr. Bob: Forget all those things they've been teaching about admitting patients. I don't care what our charge nurse tells you. Don't undress him. Don't give him an admission bath. Forget about the urine specimen. Don't do anything – do you understand? Nothing! I don't care if he wets the bed or pukes all over it. Don't change it. I don't care if he's on the floor. Leave him there. Just one thing: He's gonna want a drink – I mean whiskey. Tell him he can have all he wants, just as long as he drinks an ounce of paraldehyde before he has the whiskey. Remember, one ounce of each – paraldehyde, then whiskey.

I'll write the orders so you won't get in trouble. Put him in 306. 'They know about it downstairs. I'll be around tomorrow morning.

Female Voice: With that, he strode down the corridor, his wild socks, as usual, showing below the cuffs of his blue serge trousers. The offbeat patient did just as Dr. Bob predicted. He started to yell for a drink in a very short time. He got the paraldehyde and whiskey, then curled up on the floor, started to

snore, and was incontinent of bladder. Three hours later, the procedure was repeated, and just before I went off duty, I looked in on him. He had somehow gotten into bed but waved me away, saying,

Male Voice: [GETS UP AND STANDS BEHIND DR. BOB AND FEMALE VOICE AND SAYS:] I'm not gonna drink any more of that damned white stuff! [GOES BACK TO SEAT. HOWEVER, IF THERE ARE ENOUGH MICROPHONES, MALE VOICE STAYS IN HIS SEAT WHEN HE SAYS HIS LINE.]

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Female Voice: Each day, I'd look in, and there was always someone at his bedside, sometimes several people, including women. Then one day, he walked into the utility room where I was rinsing out syringes. Surely, this wasn't the same man!

He was clear-eyed, shaved, and smiling. Not only that, he was courteous and obviously well educated. I don't know to this day any more about the patient, but I do know that I had the rare opportunity to see my beloved Dr. Bob in action – carrying that miraculous message.

Narrator: The message was carried to Betty herself some 35 years later.

In the spring of 1939. Dr. Bob was about to turn 60 – an age when other men were ready to settle back and begin to enjoy the fruits of their life's work. Evidently, his situation was beginning to bother him a great deal.

In a letter dated May 1939, Dr. Bob said: [4]

Dr. Bob: Some of the boys are in quite deplorable condition financially, which happens to be my condition also. [DR. BOB PASSES MICROPHONE TO NARRATOR.]

Narrator: By 1948, Dr. Bob was able to see a silver lining in their financial situation at the time.

Dr. Bob: It was probably providentially arranged that all this happened at a time when everybody was broke, and awfully broke, too. It was probably much easier for us to be successful when broke than it would have been to have been successful if we'd had a good checking account apiece. Well I know that we were... we were every one of us, just so painfully broke that...well, it wasn't a pleasant thought. But nothing could be done about it, and everybody else was broke too, and so we didn't take it too much to heart. But I do think that that was providentially arranged. [6]

Narrator: On May 14, 1940, Dr. Bob was to write Bill about that memorable day when they met:

Dr. Bob: I shall never cease to be grateful to you and am very glad I have been able to pass the good word along. [4] [NARRATOR PASSES MICROPHONE TO BILL W.; WHO HOLDS IT FOR MALE VOICE.]

Dr. Bob's Son "Smitty"

Male Voice: Dad often told me that, although he and Bill saw things from different angles, they never had an argument

and their two minds seemed to mesh in developing an intelligent program which they could present to alcoholics. [4] [BILL W. PASSES MICROPHONE TO NARRATOR.]

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Dr. Bob: I didn't write the Twelve Steps. I had nothing to do with the writing of them. I think probably I had something to do with them indirectly.

Dr. Bob's House

Because after the June 10th episode, Bill came to live at our house and stayed for about...it was about three months.

And there was hardly a night in that three months that we didn't sit up till two or three o'clock, discussing these things. [6]

Narrator: That may also be true of the Twelve Traditions.

Bill W.: When first published the Traditions got a mixed reception. Only groups in dire trouble took them seriously. At this point I began to travel and talk a lot about the new principles. The members listened, but were obviously bored. After a while I received letters like this: Bill, we would love to have you come and speak. Tell us where you used to hide your bottles and tell us about that hot-flash spiritual experience of yours. But please don't talk any more about those damned Traditions. [5]

Narrator: In a Grapevine editorial, Dr. Bob had this to say:

Dr. Bob: Look at our twelve points of AA Tradition. No random expressions these, based on just casual observation. On the contrary, they represent the sum of our experience as individuals, as groups within AA and similarly with our fellows and other organizations in the great fellowship of humanity under God, throughout the world. They are entirely suggestive, yet the spirit in which they have been

conceived merits their serious, prayerful consideration as the guideposts of AA policy for the individual, the group and our various committees, local and national. [7]

Narrator: Even after Dr. Bob was diagnosed with cancer, he continued going to A.A. meetings at King School. Someone asked him: [NARRATOR PASSES MICROPHONE TO BILL W. WHO HOLDS IT FOR MALE VOICE.]

Male Voice: Do you have to go to all these meetings? Why don't you stay home and conserve your strength? [4] [BILL W. PASSES MICROPHONE TO NARRATOR.]

Narrator: Dr. Bob considered the question for a time, then said,

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Dr. Bob: The first reason is that this way is working so well. Why should I take a chance on any other way? The second reason is that I don't want to deprive myself of the privilege of meeting, greeting, and visiting with fellow alcoholics. It is a pleasure to me. And the third reason is the most important. I belong at that meeting for the sake of the new man or woman who might walk through that door. I am living proof that A.A. will work as long as I work A.A., and I owe it to the new person to be there. I am the living example.

Narrator: A Cleveland member, who was 29 when he first came to A.A., remembered speaking up at his first meeting and being told by one of the old-timers, "When you are new, you should take the cotton from your ears and put it in your mouth. Sit down and listen!"

Then Dr. Bob got up and said to him,

Dr. Bob: That's right, son, listen. But you watch and see what the man ***does*** as well as listen to what he says. [4]

Narrator: Members recalled that Dr. Bob's attendance at King School was fairly regular up to the time of his last talk, in Cleveland in July 1950. [NARRATOR PASSES MICROPHONE TO BILL W.]

Male Voice: And it just kind of broke my heart not to see Doc there, because he had meant so much in my life. [4] [BILL W. PASSES MICROPHONE TO NARRATOR.]

Narrator: No one sat in Dr. Bob's place for a long time. Finally, a newcomer who didn't know sat there, and no one said anything. That, probably, is the way it should have been. Anne C., who also had known Dr. Bob even before the start of his sobriety, remembered that he talked very freely about death. She said: [NARRATOR PASSES MICROPHONE TO DR. BOB, WHO HOLDS IT FOR FEMALE VOICE.]

Female Voice: You talk about dying like I talk about driving home in the afternoon. No fear, no emotion, nothing. How come? [4]

Dr. Bob: Anne, have you ever been at the airport and watched the planes take off?

Female Voice: Many times.

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Dr. Bob: For a while, you see the plane, and then you don't see it. That doesn't mean that it has disintegrated or disappeared.

It has just found a new horizon. That's the way I feel about death. I will have found a new horizon.

[Narrator should pause for about three seconds to allow the audience to see this picture of a sunset.]

1950 Convention
Cleveland, Ohio

Narrator: At the first international convention in Cleveland, though gravely ill, Dr. Bob was able to give a short talk.

Dr. Bob: I get a big thrill out of looking over a vast sea of faces like this with a feeling that possibly some small thing that I did a number of years ago, played an infinitely small part in making this meeting possible. I also get quite a thrill when I think that we all had the same problem. We all did the same things. We all get the same results in proportion to our zeal and enthusiasm and stick-to-itiveness. If you will pardon the injection of a personal note at this time, let me say that I have been in bed five of the last seven months and my strength hasn't returned as I would like, so my remarks of necessity will be very brief.

But there are two or three things that flashed into my mind on which it would be fitting to lay a little emphasis; one is the simplicity of our Program. Let's not louse it all up with Freudian complexes and things that are interesting to the scientific mind, but have very little to do with our actual AA work. Our 12 Steps, when simmered down to the last, resolve themselves into the words love and service. We understand what love is and we understand what service is. So let's bear those two things in mind.

Let us also remember to guard that erring member - the tongue, and if we must use it, let's use it with kindness and consideration and tolerance.

And one more thing; none of us would be here today if somebody hadn't taken time to explain things to us, to give us a little pat on the back, to take us to a meeting or two, to have done numerous little kind and thoughtful acts in our behalf. So let us never get the degree of smug complacency so that we're not willing to extend, or attempt to, that help which has been so beneficial to us. Thank you very much. [4] [DR. BOB PASSES MICROPHONE TO NARRATOR.]

Narrator: Before he could take his leave, there was one unfinished piece of A.A. business for Dr. Bob to complete. That had to do with the proposed conference – in a sense, his and Bill's bequest to all of the thousands in A.A. and those yet to come. Dr. Bob had expressed reservations when it was first proposed. On the Sunday before Doc went into the hospital for what was to be the last time, Bill made yet another visit to Dr. Bob's home. Dr. Bob had finally decided to support the plan.

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Dr. Bob: Bill, it ***has*** to be A.A.'s decision, not ours. Let's call that conference. It's fine with me. [5]

Bill W.: A few hours later, I took my leave of Dr. Bob, knowing that the following week he was to undergo a very serious operation. Neither of us dared say what was in our hearts. We both knew that this might well be the last decision that we would make together. I went down the steps and then turned to look back. Bob stood in the doorway, tall and upright as ever. Some color had come back into his cheeks, and he was carefully dressed in a light gray suit. This was my partner, the man with whom I never had a hard word.

The wonderful old broad smile was on his face as he said almost jokingly,

Dr. Bob: Remember, Bill, let's not louse this thing up. Let's keep it simple!

Bill W.: I turned away, unable to say a word. That was the last time I ever saw him.

Narrator: Tradition Twelve reminds us that "Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of all our Traditions ever reminding us to place principles before personalities." [2]

Bill W.: When it was sure that Dr. Bob was mortally afflicted, some of his friends suggested that there should be a suitable monument or mausoleum erected in honor of him and his wife Anne. The committee went so far as to show him a sketch of the proposed edifice.

Telling me about this Dr. Bob grinned broadly and said, [5]

Dr. Bob: God bless 'em. They mean well. But for heaven's sake, Bill, let's you and I get buried just like other folks.

Bill W.: A year after his passing, I visited the Akron cemetery where Dr. Bob and Anne lie.

The simple stone says not a word about Alcoholics Anonymous.

Anne and Bob

Some people may think that this wonderful couple carried personal anonymity too far when they so firmly refused to use the words "Alcoholics Anonymous" even on their own burial stone.

Lois and Bill

For one, I do not think so. I think that this moving and final example of self-effacement will prove of more permanent worth to A.A. than any amount of public attention or any great monument.

Narrator: A letter to the A.A. General Service Office had this to say: [NARRATOR PASSES THE MICROPHONE TO BILL W. – FEMALE VOICE STANDS BEHIND BILL W. AND BILL W. HOLDS THE MICROPHONE FOR HER. HOWEVER, IF THERE ARE ENOUGH MICROPHONES SHE STAYS SEATED.]
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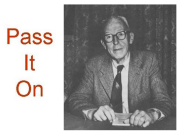
Female Voice: "I'll never forget the first time I met Bill. I was a couple of months sober and so excited, so thrilled to actually meet the co-founder that I gushed all over him with what my sobriety meant to me and my undying gratitude for his starting A.A. When I ran down, he took my hand in his and said simply:



Bill W.: Pass it on. [3]

Male Voice: Bill's body was buried in the family plot in the East Dorset Cemetery.

The gravestone is a simple marker of the same white marble that his father once quarried for the buildings and monuments of New York City. There is no mention of A.A. [3]

Narrator: Today we celebrate the lives and legacy of Bill W. and Dr. Bob S., but the future of A.A. is in our hands now.

It's our turn to pass it on. **[The Narrator should pause for the next two slides to be shown.]**

The end. (IF THE PLAY IS AUDIO RECORDED, **USE FIRST NAMES ONLY**.) We thank you for your kind attention, and I'd like to thank the Players:

Dr. Bob was played by _____

Bill W. was played by _____

_____ was the voice of Dr. Bob's son and the other men.

_____ was the voice of Dr. Bob's nurse and the other women.

And your Narrator was played by _____.

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[2]***Alcoholics Anonymous,*** pages 172, 2, 174, 60, 5, 177, 154, 134, 562 & the prepublication manuscript page 71. Copyright © 1939, 1956, 1976, 2001, by Alcoholics Anonymous World Services, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Reprinted with permission.
[3]***Pass It On,*** pages 95, 137, 7, 406, photos 53, 70, 267, 340, 341, 399, 405. Copyright © 1984 by Alcoholics Anonymous World Services, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Reprinted with permission.
[4]***Dr. Bob and the Good Oldtimers,*** pages 29, 84, 85, 105, 103-104, 172, 219, 107, 334, 225, 336, 342, 337-338, photos 11, 46, 61, 62, 133, 186, 214, 215, 266, 294, 295, 301, 305, 324, 345. Copyright © 1980 by Alcoholics Anonymous World Services, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Reprinted with permission.
[5]***Alcoholics Anonymous Comes of Age,*** pages 62-64, 66, 71, 204, 214, 136, photo section. Copyright © 1957, 1985 by Alcoholics Anonymous Publishing, Inc. (now known as A.A. World Services, Inc.) All Rights Reserved. Reprinted with permission.
[6]Dr. Bob's 1948 talk in Detroit (transcribed from the audio recording). Similar to the A.A. pamphlet: The Co-founders of Alcoholics Anonymous, pages 10, 11, 13, 14. Copyright 1978, 2017 by Alcoholics Anonymous World Services, Inc. All Right Reserved. Used with permission. Printed for the first time in the June, 1973 article in *Grapevine* magazine Copyright 1973 by A.A. Grapevine, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Used with permission.
[7]"The Fundamentals – In Retrospect by Dr. Bob" from the September, 1948 *Grapevine* issue. Copyright © 1948, 1976 by The A.A. Grapevine, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Reprinted with permission.

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